



Mossie

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1992-1993 *Mosaic* was designed on a Macintosh IIfx  
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Photography by Ken Snow.

All submissions to *Mosaic* are reviewed on an anonymous basis.  
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*Mosaic* magazine is a registered student organization  
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## FOREWARD

When the first edition of *Mosaic* appeared over a decade ago, it was a mere folded-and-stapled booklet containing a handful of poems and artworks. Since then, the magazine has passed through countless transformations, evolving into the form you now hold in your hands. It's changes have not only been physical however. Through the faithful support of the editorial board and staff, *Mosaic* has emerged as an important advocate of the arts on campus by hosting open student readings, guest readings by faculty members and local writers, and an annual art show.

In the course of hosting these events and producing the magazine, the staff has received immeasurable help from many sources, the most important being the talented artists and writers who have produced the works contained here within. It is always tremendously exciting (and difficult) to sift through the submissions each year. Invariably, we are struck by the high caliber and quantity of outstanding budding artists. It is to you, the writers and creators at the Ohio State University that this magazine is dedicated. Continue your hard work.

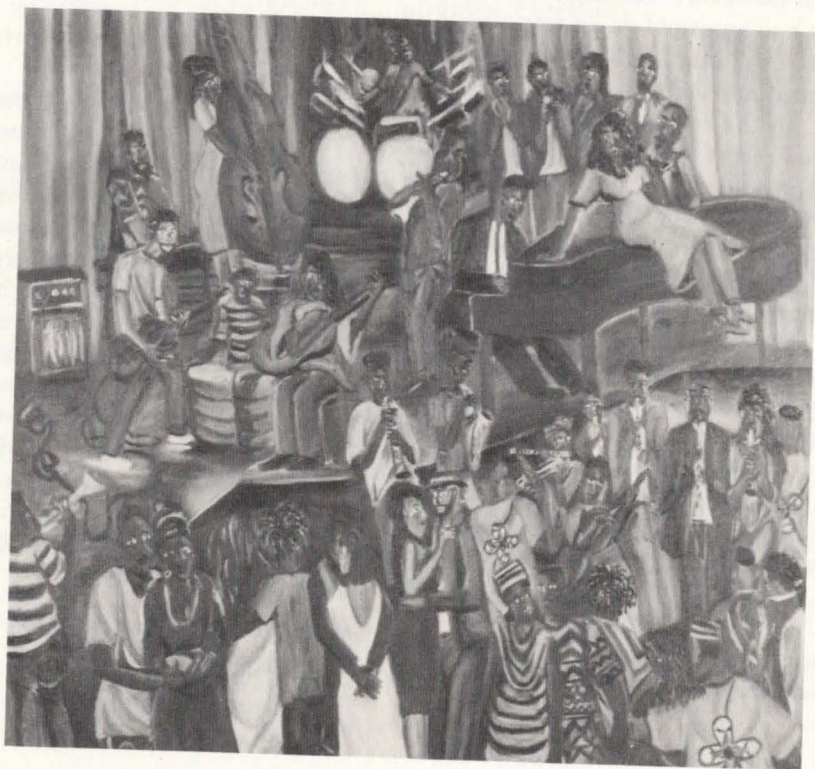
To our advisor, Jeff Hustey, and to our main sponsor, the University Honors Center, we owe our warmest thanks. Without your unfailing dedication, patience, and support, this effort would have been impossible. Also, we must extend our hearty appreciation to our faculty board — Michelle Herman, Kathy Fagan, David Citino, and Lee Abbott — for their guidance. A thousand thanks!

We hope that you, the readers, enjoy the 1993 edition of *Mosaic*. Creating it has been a long and challenging, yet infinitely rewarding experience. We hope that you agree the product is an exciting, thought-provoking, and successful one.

Jeffrey Angles  
Publisher/Editor



## Craig Screven



*Jazzy: "Sweet Succession of Life"*  
oil paint 34" x 34"

*3rd place, Mosaic annual juried exhibition, 1993*

## Jonathon Fintel

### *On the Tracks*

Behind the water plant,  
Beyond the perfectly posted maples  
Lay our caboose, red as a rusted apple.  
The tracks it stood on were  
Nothing more than flakes of the  
Once great rails that split our town.  
Wheels rusted fast and frozen,  
Roof like a tissue paper tent,  
Our Town Hall.  
Inside were the writings of  
The ancient ones—at least kids  
My brother's age. Tommy loves  
Linda, Jill loves Tommy, There once  
Was a man from Nantucket (I can't  
Remember the rest)—A visual history  
Of the prepuberty years.  
The sprinkles of youth spread  
Randomly on the tattered plank floor.  
Butts and ashes on the temple's foundation.  
We didn't mind the mess, it made  
Us feel rebellious.  
On one side of the caboose were  
Small rooms, just a bit bigger than  
A telephone booth. They too were  
Filled with ashes along with leaves  
And anything the rodents wanted to  
Leave behind (It wasn't for a couple  
Of years that I would find out what those  
Pellet things were). The somewhat  
Square window holes were split by  
Splinters of the sill hanging down  
From each side, sponge-like from the  
Termite's inhabitation. From the  
Holes that faced north we could see  
The softball field, there in all its  
Glory, the arena of the town men.  
It wasn't long until we moved on too,  
From one safe place to another.



## Shannon Jackson

### Falling

These are the things that fall from the sky: The mismatched argyles—one with a hole, one a pungent green. Gold earrings backs, tarnished and twirling like a top. A yellowed copy of Nathaniel Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*. Kentucky Fried Chicken buckets, grease-stained and still containing one extra-crispy dark meat chicken wing. Faded blue jeans with a zipper stretched and missing a few teeth. And fuchsia hair ribbons, frayed at the edge and dirtied from falling out of hair.

This happens often on June nights here. The air is sticky and thick, and it is no wonder all these things are either let go or break free from the clouds. They fall one after the other in a sort of heavenly slide show. I am sitting on the front porch, slowly rocking back in my vinyl folding chair and watching the descending objects. *It is getting dark. I should go turn on a light*, I think. But electricity is so expensive anymore and is no longer considered environmentally sound. Instead, I light a cigarette and watch its flaming end. When I squint and look at it, the cigarette becomes another one of those fireflies that are blinking about in the front yard.

I flick the cigarette off the porch, and it lands in the tall grass off to the left. It is a good night for this. There is much that the sky must get rid of.

I see two high school sweethearts fall after the fuchsia ribbons. Their senior prom was the night before, and they are sitting in his parents' Lincoln Town Car outside of McDonald's at 5:59 a.m., waiting for the restaurant to open. His rented tuxedo is hanging in the back seat, and her pink, satin gown is tucked neatly in a garment bag and lies flat across the back

seat. His tuxedo nearly flies out of the open window as they fall, but the girl rolls up her window just in time. A prostitute is standing on the nearby corner, awkwardly shifting her weight in shoes that are one size too small and swell her feet. Her leather skirt is too tight, and her vericose-veined legs show her age better than her made-up face. The young couple watch the woman, wondering what her night was like.

The girl is smiling, still a little drunk and amazed their parents have allowed them to be out all night. He is smiling, too, full of pride, lust and giddiness because they had fooled around in the backseat, wrinkling and tearing his father's road atlas as they fumbled and maneuvered around each other and their clothes. The car windows still have traces of steam. They parked in Our Lady of Perpetual Help's parking lot. (The church comes down quickly behind the McDonald's and the car.) He had seen her bony body naked for the first time. She did not look like the women he had seen in his older brother's magazines. Her skin was softer than those glossy-paged women, and her curves were less defined and full of nuances. When he reached to touch her, he was shocked to find her skin carried a low, electric current. He had touched the women in the magazines, but they felt slippery and flat.

The magazines follow the church, their centerfolds unfolding and fluttering in the wind. I see the women laying their bodies open to be fondled and explored. The wind lifts them up and down.

My cat arches and yawns, bored by the spectacle and irritated by the noise. With

spectacle and irritated by the noise. With the car, the McDonald's and the church falling one after another, the impact shook the front porch when they hit the ground. All three of these falling so close together cause a loud crash like the finale of 4th of July fireworks. The cat turns on his back, stretches languidly and rolls into a ball to nap. I do not know whether it is bedtime, but I don't care. Not tonight. Not when the sky has so much to let go.

The sky goes back to smaller things, things that don't make so much noise when they fall: Rosary beads made of black onyx. Frozen Swanson Salisbury steak dinners with mashed potatoes, baked apples and corn. True crime fiction paperbacks about Ted Bundy, a woman with 15 different personalities and a man who murdered his wife and five children because he could not find the remote control. Grandmothers who are reaching out, flabby arms open, a huge smile on their face and an apple pie sitting next to them as their grandchildren run towards them.

An abortion clinic drops from the western edge of the sky. Protesters are carrying pictures of burned fetuses and posters saying, "Murderers." A girl, who couldn't be more than five or six years old, is praying fervently to save these babies. A young Indian woman is in the recovery room. She sold her stereo to pay for her abortion—the stereo falls even before the clinic—and she is screaming for her mother as she curls up in a fetal position on the bed. She had come to America to go to school and did not know that a college woman shouldn't go to fraternity parties and get drunk. "Mama, why didn't you tell me," she cries. One nurse is embarrassed and tries to comfort her, hoping the protesters cannot hear her screams. Another nurse tells the other women—

their faces tear-stained and drained of color and their hands flat and turned upward—that they can go now if they like even though they are supposed to stay in the room for another 25 minutes before being released.

Something falls from high up in the sky. I cannot tell what it is, because it is dropping so quickly that it is blurry. I adjust my glasses on my nose. I begin to focus. I see it is you, your face is contorted and your mouth is moving rapidly, intensely, but no noise is coming out. Your fists are raised and clenched, ready to strike, hit or blow.

I had wondered where you went when you packed up your stuff quietly one Tuesday night in October. I woke up to find your clothes still in the closet, but our luggage was gone, as was our photo album, your baseball card collection, all of our canned soup and your snow shovel. I wasn't sure you had really gone because your toothbrush was still in the holder. But when a week went by and you hadn't returned, I knew you were gone for good. I was sad at first and thought the bed was too big, but then I stopped missing the fights and the yelling and started sleeping in the middle of the bed again.

You started falling in the southern part of the sky and are dropping northward. It doesn't look like you'll land with the rest of the stuff. That rubble collects beyond the front yard, beyond the trees, somewhere off in the distance. Now you are close enough that I can hear you. I hear, "Bitch." I hear, "I never loved you anyway." I hear, "You were a lousy lay."

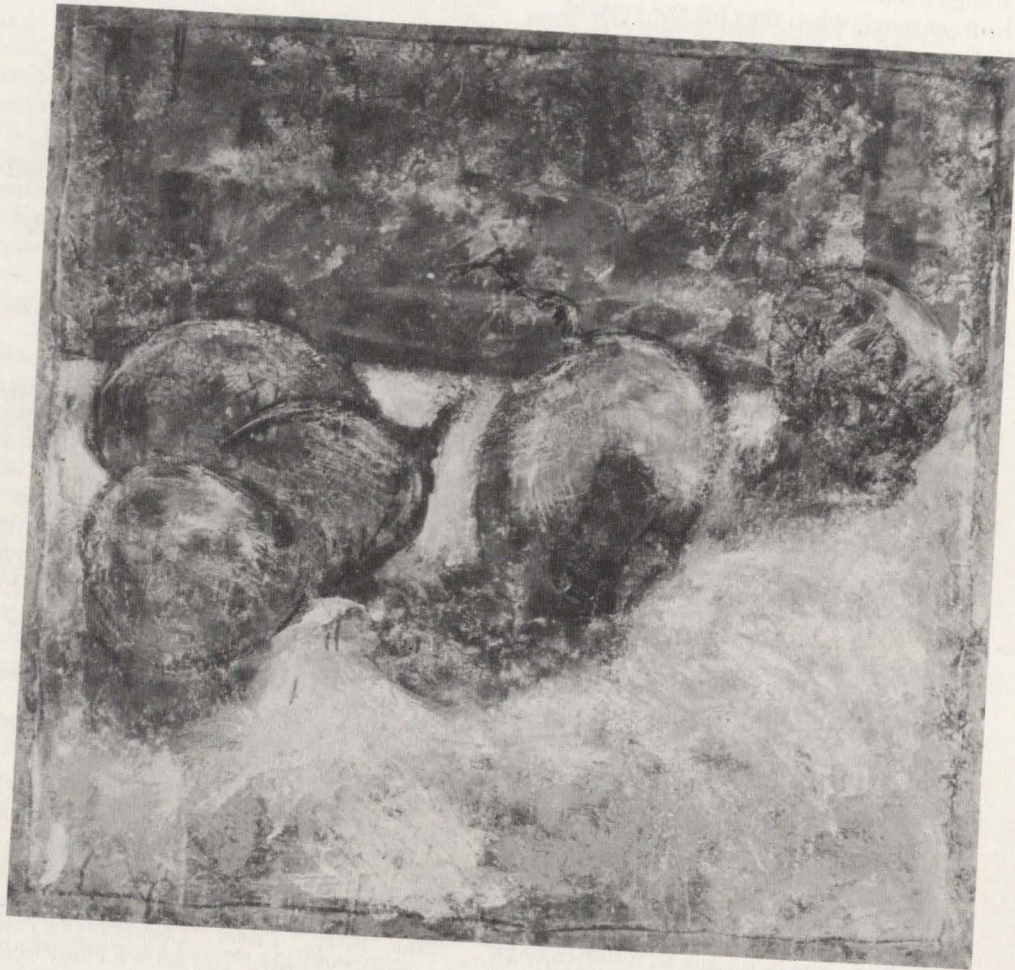
I cover my ears, but now I can see you clearly. You are falling above the trees, near the edge of the front yard, still at an angle and edging toward the house. When you crash, you will hit the front porch. I run inside for cover.



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## Benjy Davies

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*Five Onions: part 4*  
oil, acrylic, alkyd, aluminum paint,  
ink, pencil, charcoal, marker, pastel, etc.  
46 3/4" x 47 3/4"

Mosaic

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## Joseph Mismas

---

*while Sylvia's nuns shake their heads and crawl back inside her*

I figured a few drinks could take the chill off this dead  
furnace but I was wrong now I'm cold and drunk kneeling  
to this glowing orange U inside my electric oven I'm cool

to die here like this frozen head full of whiskey falling inside  
people thinking I pulled some twisted Plath the thought of being  
compared to that sour bitch makes me cringe and rub my hands

together considering that old head-in-the-oven bit splashing her out  
to those rippling sorrowed girls in black who carry Sylvia through  
their dark coffeeshops moods and I don't expect the mourning

when I go I imagine someone will find my unpublished body and it will flow  
out on the usual interest in unusual death and my words will sink  
past the shrouds of those upperclass under-read cauterized minds

to the place at the pool table or the bar where I left my self  
pitying poems in stronger drinks than coffee and between the cues  
of some blue eyed amnesia and there under a bare bulb

one daughter will set down her Rolling Rock sink the eight  
stumble on "too bad about that one and his oven trip" shrugging  
she'll pick up her beer and go on to the next game

while Sylvia's nuns shake their heads and crawl back inside her  
oven mumbling "You do not do, you do not do" hating  
that I learned to forget where they just learned to die.

*1st place, Albert J. Kuhn Award for Excellence in Writing, poetry, 1993*

Mosaic



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## Joseph Mismas

*Seven days can change a man*

It's not hard to hold tough  
until the fourth or the fifth  
with the smell of her still  
strong in the bed.

But how we fade right along  
with that flirting patch  
on the pillow case;  
those last two days  
shrinking until we hit that night  
when all of her is gone  
and the room again stinks  
like the crotch of this town.

On the floor with our empty  
bottle and our dry luck  
we realize that we  
still have not mastered these  
finer points of dying  
that come from the passing  
of women and of time.

Still, we take our blue-  
balled hearts and we take  
our limp egos and we continue  
to find women and to lose  
them and to change a little  
to die a little more  
everytime and love it  
the  
whole  
way  
down.

---

## Jeff Chamberlin

*Gemini's Amnesia*

Baseball fields; mowed and lined. Painted dugouts, oiled dirt.  
Scoreboard; lonely on two poles. No lights.  
Cracked black asphalt and broken white lines.  
Beginning nowhere,  
leading a circle.  
Parking lot; newly paved. Yellow lines fresh, front row for seniors.  
Press box; wooden and rotting. Static announcements.  
Unbroken fence line and a hole in the gate.  
Beckoning outward,  
fooling no one.  
Tennis courts; nets tightly strung. Built new last year, lights.  
Refreshment stand; haunted by mice. Dusty windowsills.  
Rusted blocks and bandaged hurdles.  
Feigning injury,  
dying in races.

I know beyond the stop lights:  
where the train tracks go,  
and behind the Nova Steel plant.  
Past the park and the river,  
beside the waste treatment center.  
Turn around at the gravel pits  
and run back to the track.

Forgotten, we two.  
Twins overlooked;  
overlinked.  
Here was my triumph.  
One annoying white mongrel showing teeth  
and barking,  
as I ran to spite the track.



## Theresa Tyler



*No Title*

oil on canvas 32" x 48"

2nd place, Mosaic annual juried exhibition, 1993

Mosaic

## Alex Lucas

### *The Erasing Gray Waves*

What now? What's next? Knock  
against the bitter, slick metal door.

"Come in."

Walk in, but cautiously. What now?  
Oh, my God, there are books. The smell  
hits me in an ancient wave of words that is  
thick enough to taste. An entire wall of  
beautiful richness just waiting, and the  
shadows that sleep over their spines are  
surrounded by light. Light.

Turning to... a window.

"Good afternoon, Miss Alcides. How  
are you..."

My God, a window! Moving towards  
the world, the pearly sky. And look, my  
God, trees below! And the sunlight stabs  
their leaves with burnt yellow heat, and the  
wind! The wind that flows through the  
leaves and creeps around the branches. I  
remember how the wind would slap against  
my face, and I would swallow it's fresh, cold  
medicine. It would slide through my mouth  
and crash into my lungs, and fill the empty  
spaces.

"You must realize that it is highly  
unusual that I meet directly with..."

And it would soothe...

"...things to discuss. Please, take a  
seat."

Turning to a cold, black seat that  
sullenly waits for me. Walking across loud,  
slippery marble, easing onto the hard  
leather, noticing the woman across the  
expanse of practical steel.

"Now. I'm Dr. Eradere. I hear we've  
had some trouble with the other doctors on  
this ward?"

"Mmmhmm." Dr. Eradere. Air-a-dare.  
Air, airy—I want to feel airy, light, skinny.  
A—a hospital ward for airy, light, skinny  
people. Dare—dare you to get better.

"...trouble?"

"Hmmm?"

"I said, what has been the trouble?"

The trouble? Trouble, problems—  
doctors. The other doctors. God. Think,  
think... well... what about Doctor I-think-  
I'm-Freud? Let's see, I walk in and he  
immediately asks, 'How's your sex life?'  
Me? 'What's the matter? You can't get  
enough so you have to ask about mine?'  
And before you can ask, no, I do not want to  
fuck my father.' We got off to a bad start.  
And then came Dr. Jaffe. He took away my  
books, and...

"Are you listening? Why don't you stop  
shaking your legs, focus on me, and then  
we can really talk."

I'll just sit here and shake my legs,  
thank you. And then there was the doctor  
who said she'd let me read a book a week if  
she could see my journal. She lied. She  
never even intended to let me have a book.  
Of course, I didn't give her a *real* entry.  
Just one that I made up, but I don't see how  
she could have known that.

"...die. Is that right?"

"What?" Shit, what was that?

"I said, I hear that you think the  
meaning of life is to die. Is that right?"

"Damn it! You've been reading my  
journal. Haven't you?" Oh, God. Help.  
Help make my mind clear. 'The mind, that  
ocean where each kind...'

"It's nice to hear you talking, finally."

'Does straight its own resemblance  
find...'

"I think we should be able to make  
quite a bit of progress, if we can stay calm  
and keep talking."

"But..." Calm. Clear. 'Yet it creates,  
transcending these...'

Mosaic



## Alex Lucas

"We have alot to discuss, but first I want to get a few things understood between us."

"Far other worlds and other seas. . ."

"Do you know why you were sent to me?"

Because there is coal in your eyes. Stare hard into the coal. There is nothing else.

"No? Let me tell you then. I've examined your case thoroughly. You are a highly intelligent young lady; however, your intelligence is not serving you well, in fact, it is hindering our. . ."

Hindering—Stopping—Annihilating. 'Annihilating all that's made. . .'

"Now, I think it would be helpful if you would stop writing for a while. It's not helping us make any progress, and it's provoking destructive thoughts."

"Screw you." Time to leave. Jerking up, sliding across marble, wrenching door-knob. It won't open. Locked in. Turning to face Air-a-dare.

"Things aren't going to change if you rush back to your room. I've already had Carl remove your journal, any paper, and all the crayons from your room."

Crayons, can't stab yourself with crayons.

"Anything else? Then our session is over for today. You will be escorted back to the commons area, where I would like you to stay until dinner. I don't want you to be by yourself until lights out. Is that understood?"

I can feel my eyebrows pulling closer to my eyes and my breath sliding out of every corner of my lungs.

"Fine then. See you tomorrow."

Tomorrow. Today is tomorrow is today is tonight. To-night. To—to be. Night—to be alone is night.

\*\*\*\*\*

It is night, and I feel the cold press of rough sheets and the thin blanket on my bones. My hipbones are pushing further out of my skin all the time. But there's still some fat, and that damn IV packet is feeding me. Drip, drip, drip into being. And my arms are straight and bound, and I hate the tightness that builds when I remember that I can't move my arms because if I wanted I could pull out the IV needle and jam it into my throat and bleed, bleed, bleed into nothingness. But they let me have paper for a while and I used to wonder if I could saw and saw on the delicate, curving veins of my wrist until I hacked through. But I didn't. I didn't even try because I don't want to kill myself. I just want to be alone, peaceful. Full of peace. Calm. I like writing because I can feel that way and my writing never, ever says, "You are abnormal, you are crazy, you are anorexic, you are suicidal."

The room smells of blood. That sharp metallic smell that makes your mouth and nose sting. They take blood at least twice a night. I wonder if the blood flows faster when it's trying to fill up the empty space? These people, who are trying to help (Hell-p. Hell is not peaceful) me, want more than my blood. I have come to understand that they want to take me, myself, out of me, their patient. My-self. My—my mind. Self—my mind is my self is me, and to make me better that must be erased. When my self is uprooted then their ideal can be planted and I can be well. But I don't want to lose me. The me that came here looking for a solution, a way to make things better, a way to eat. If I lose that part of me, why should I live? All I wanted for them to do was help me eat, show me how to take a bite of food and not even think about

throwing up. Instead, they want to make me a different person, and I still don't know how to eat and I don't think I can do it myself. When the food's in my stomach, I can feel the fat on my thighs throbbing and growing greedy, and I know that I will stop losing weight and grow fatter than I am, and I came here to learn how to make that stop. Stop stop stop stopstopstop. I love words and I hate them. I love devouring words, but if I concentrate on them too much, they become nonsense.

Nonsense. The doctors say that I write nonsense. They say that the way I look at the world is unreasonable, and that they must fix me or I won't start eating. I don't believe them. I did try to, at first, but then Dr. Jaffe told me that my thought process was messed up. He said, "You must understand that you cannot make decisions for yourself any longer. Your decision not to eat shows us that you are incapable of making any decision."

"But why?"

"Why? Because this is what our analysis of you tells us, and because we have a better perspective of you than you could possibly have."

"How? How could you know me better than I do?"

"Because we have a clearer picture of what is happening to you, and we have dealt with numerous cases just like you before."

"I'm *not* like everyone else."

"No, of course not, but your disease is the same as the other patients on this ward."

"Maybe, but. . ."

"You know we have the training to make you better, don't you?"

"Yes. . ."

"Then please, let us help you. You have a disease and our job is to remove that disease as quickly as possible in order to

save you. However, we cannot continue without your parents' unlimited consent. As soon as we receive that, we will make quick progress."

"Progress? Without their input? But they understand me better than you do."

"But they don't understand eating disorders, do they? And didn't you tell me that they contacted us because they wanted expert help? Your parents want you to get better; they want *us* to make you better because they don't have the training or the time. Tell me, where are they now?"

"In Paris."

"Why?"

"They had a business meeting."

"Yes, they're doing their jobs, and we are here for you, to understand you." He leaned back in resignation and added, "It's our job."

"But. . ." And there was nothing more to say. Nothing more would be heard. They saw themselves as the experts and me as a case study. A case study with no rights and rich parents. My parents are still deciding whether or not to give the doctors control, and I'm not allowed to talk to them any more. I think the doctors told them that it upset me, and wasn't in my best interest. The doctors are good at manipulation, and my parents want to believe that I will get better here. So, my parents will probably believe anything they say. Believe it, fall for it. Fall into it, become a part of it. Devour it as I used to devour books. But that was before Dr. Jaffe took them away. He said, "I'm worried about how much you've been reading since you arrived at the hospital."

"What?" I sat and stared into his glassy, blue eyes, and wondered why I couldn't see anything besides my own reflection in them, why I couldn't see anything beyond that glacial blue.

"Let's see, you've been here one month



## Alex Lucas

today, and there hasn't been any change. You can understand that we have to try something new, and I think that your books are getting in our way."

"No, they're not. Really, I swear that my books aren't hurting me." I took a deep breath and held the air down until I started seeing blurry blue in the ice-cap eyes.

"We feel that reading makes you think too much, too strenuously about unimportant things. We feel that you should be concentrating on your disease instead."

"You're wrong. If I don't read, I won't be able to discover. . ."

"Discover what? What do you think you are going to be able to find in poetry that will help you get better?"

Careful. I had to be careful. "I keep looking for something that will make it better. Make the pain feel not so solitary. When I read, I realize that I'm not the only one. . ."

"The only one? Of course you're not. Just look around you, there are twenty-three others in this ward alone."

"I am not, *not* like everyone else. I am not like them. Don't you see that? Don't you understand?" Stop it. Calm down. Make him listen. "Dr. Jaffe, I need to be able to read. I need my books."

"And I think you can do better without them. Please don't challenge me on this, my decision has been made."

"No. I won't let you. You can't. You can't take away my books!" His eyes started slithering shut.

"You've left me no choice."

Calm. Had to be calm. "But I need them." And he just shrugged. Shrugged and wouldn't listen, and took away my books. And I hated him, I *do* hate him for it. The next day he made me take a

standardized personality test. Hundreds of questions, but the last couple hundred just repeated the first couple hundred.

#97—Do you talk to demons?

#379—Do you ever see evil spirits?

#53—Do you ever get a 'dreamlike' feeling towards life where it all seems unreal?

#213—Does life ever appear 'dreamlike' or unreal to you?

Two days later I went to get my "results." Dr. Jaffe's eyes were back to regular glassy blue.

"Let's see. . .492-93-4309. . .Alcides. Well, the board decided it would be best to start you on medication immediately. Of course, we'll need your parents' approval first."

"They won't give it." Watched his eyes get harder, like sapphire.

"We'll see."

"Can't we just talk about these problems that you think you've found?" He thought that was funny. A half grin/smirk chiseled itself into his granite face.

"No, I don't think that will be necessary."

And I walked out. I decided that if he wouldn't talk to me, then I wouldn't talk to him. So I left. Left. What do I have left? No books, no writing, and I would have tried to explain to Dr. Eradere how I can communicate on paper, how it links me to the chain of sanity, but she was too harsh and severe and cold. And I think she was enjoying her position to deny me of my self. Deny—denial—they say denial is escape, just like they say I escaped in my books. De-ni-hal. Nihal—annihilate. They want to annihilate my self. My self will deny them that right. But they are right, I should eat. I should try to eat breakfast. Break-fast. Break—break the pattern,

patterns are breaking and falling into dots and fading into. . .

\*\*\*\*\*

It is breakfast, and twenty-some women and girls sit and stare at food. Not me. I love to touch it. To feel the texture against my fingers and press it against my face, and to feel closer to the colors. This time—an orange, a bagel and squishy scrambled eggs. Oh, and milk. And water. I like water, but I really like the ice. It sits in my mouth and melts in miniature rivers that trickle down my throat and pool there until I force them into my stomach. Or I can chip off slivers with my teeth and swallow the hard pieces of cold. Nothing else looks good for my stomach. The eggs look good for the milk though. Open the waxy container, spoon the slimy eggs, casually slide them into the liquid white, and then relax.

"Hey. Look, don't bother with that. They check the milk cartons."

What? Turn to see a woman with alive gold and green eyes. They are round. Too round, like someone took a compass and drew them on her face.

"I guess everyone's right about you."

"Hmmm?" Right? About me?

"They say you won't talk to anyone. That you talked to the doctors at first but then you just closed off."

Yes, I closed off. They wouldn't listen, so how could I talk? Talk. I would have talked to the other women, but they already had little clusters formed and I was new—the outsider. I'm used to being outside of groups because at school they called me insane and didn't want to talk to me. Talk. Talk to this woman. I could...

"What's your name?"

Name—the part of me that they can't *really* take away.

"Mine's Sarah. What's yours?"

"Um, well, see?" Point to the ID

bracelet. "That's my 'name' while I'm here" Run finger over the tag that has become me. "It's J.R. Alcides #492-93-4309 Rm#17."

"Well, I guess you do talk, even if you don't make sense."

Sense? She doesn't see? But I am making sense. I am. Talk. "Well, see..." Pick off a piece of bagel, slide it across the tray to a new corner where it will be alone and not have to communicate. Communicate—talk, "See, well...Do they ever call you by your first name?"

Her face scrunches towards its center, "Oh. I don't suppose they do."

"Yeah. Me either. So my tag is me." My tag is me because they've taken the rest away and...

"You write, don't you?" Sarah is making her eggs into a mushy pool of yellow slime.

"I used to." Used to before yesterday. Before they took that away too. Pick up the orange, slide thumbnail under its skin, twirl it in a circle, and remove a minuscule piece of bright orange. Watch it drop to the tray and start over again.

"Well, why 'used to'? Why did you stop?"

Sarah's face is getting fuzzy, and I can't make it clear. Stop? Stop. Make it clear. Make my mind clear. "The mind, that ocean where each kind does..."

"Straight its own resemblance find.' I love that poem. It's by Marvel, isn't it?"

"Um..." What? How did she? What...

"Sorry, you were mumbling, and I recognized that poem."

Sarah's gold flecks are dancing around in the green of her eyes. I'm falling into the pattern, and moving with her eyes and...

"Okay ladies, time's up. Pass your trays in. Those of you who have group can move to the commons, and the rest of you



## Alex Lucas

know the routine."

The routine. Sitting for two hours at the table. Sitting her until the food that I haven't eaten is settled and I won't be tempted to throw it up.

"Bye. I have group, but I'll see you later?" Sarah stands and moves into the procession of bodies that move away.

Away. A-way. A—Alcides. Way—the doctors will find a way to take the rest of me away. They will find a way if given time. Time is strange, and I can't ever figure out how the past flows into the present into the future. How they all merge at one point. How the future becomes the present which becomes the past.

\*\*\*\*\*

Two weeks have passed since I started seeing Dr. Eradere. Now I sit and face her small, black marble eyes. "We're still not eating, I see."

See, sea—a sea. My mind is a sea of words. An ocean that creates...

"...worse..."

'Far other worlds and other seas...'

"...use different methods..."

'Annihilating all that's made to a green thought in a green shade.' Annihilate. The doctors want to annihilate my mind. To make me well so I can function as a normal human being...

"You won't eat. You won't talk..."

When I could write, I was able to pull the thoughts out of the choppy ocean of my mind and see them clearly. Now I have to press my thoughts back and they build up on top of each other until they press down and crush some of me. When it gets bad I try to talk to Sarah. I try to imagine that speaking to her is like writing. When I would write, the paper would listen. Sarah listens. She sits and stares at me, and if I

focus on her eyes my thoughts stay clear. Just after we met, she asked about Marvel's poem, "Why where you mumbling 'The Garden' at breakfast yesterday?"

The gold flecks were flowing rhythmically through the green. "I think it's because I want to stop my thoughts. Stop the thinking process. Somehow make my thoughts scatter into nothingness." The gold started melting into the green.

"Why? Why would you want to do that?" Sarah shivered and pulled her sweater sleeves over her hands.

"I guess that sometimes I wish I could feel nothing. Just stop feeling. Maybe no feeling is better than feeling pain." I started pulling bits of dried skin off of my lips when Sarah closed her eyes.

"The doctors want you to believe that. Do you really agree with them?"

A sharp, bitter pain stabbed my bottom lip and the blood pooled on the wound. I licked its sharpness and remembered to look at Sarah. "Only sometimes. Only when the pain overloads everything else. When all the pain steadily increased until it blurs out the clearness. When it comes to the point that everything is bound up in confusion and frustration. When I start to believe that I really am crazy. When I'm alone and I still half believe that I really am insane. Do you ever feel like that?"

"Sometimes, but then I try to concentrate on other things."

"Yes! Like the poem! If you say it again and again until it starts to radiate from the center, then it will envelope all your thoughts."

"Yes, so maybe the doctors are right about putting me on medication. I have felt calmer since I started the Thorazine."

Her eyes melded into Topaz and I had to struggle to make it clear. "No, I think

you're wrong. When you take the Thorazine you can't control it."

Sarah gave me a familiar vacant grin, and turned away her eyes as more patients filed into the commons area for our group therapy.

The coal black of Dr. Eradere's eyes comes back into focus.

"...feel like you don't listen..."

Sometimes I'll listen to one sentence until it starts to run in circles like it's chasing its own tail. Then all other thoughts get trapped up in the whirlpool of one simplistic sentence, and words come alive and take on shape and color and smell.

"Are we going to try and communicate today?"

No. No communication. Just sit and shake my legs because I feel how it must be burning up some calories. Annihilate the calories. Ann-i-hil-ate. Ate—eat. Sarah says she'll never be able to eat food, but if they would make a pill to substitute for the nutrients and calories, that she could take it. I think I will be able to eat one day. I've been trying to eat a little bit of soup for a couple days now, and it makes me sick, but I'm *trying* to eat. Eat—ate—annihilate. The doctors are trying to annihilate Sarah's mind. They give her Thorazine and now they keep asking her to try something new—shock therapy. She says it might help. Yesterday she said, "I'm sure they know what's best for me." Her eyes looked melted, watery. Everything was blurring, but I had to make her stop, make her see. Had to focus hard on the fading gold flecks.

"Sarah, I think you're wrong. The doctors just want to make you blank so that you're not a problem anymore." Group was about to start, and patients were seated in lines around us. The effect was stifling, like being corralled with cattle. No, being penned with sheep. "If your mind is *tabula*

*rasa* then they can rewrite you back in any way they want. Don't let them erase you."

Sarah turned her eyes forward and said, "It doesn't matter if I say okay or not. They have complete control."

"Sarah, no..." No, no, no. I could see that she wasn't listening to me any more. Any-more—no more, not through the Thorazine haze. Haze is not clear, not clean. You can't discover anything new in a haze. Dis-cover. Dis—dissect my thoughts. Cover—uncover new thoughts. I want to discover more about myself. Sometimes I think I want to die, but I don't want to regret it. Maybe that's why I kill myself slowly. So that I can stop if I discover something to make it better. To make...

"...Thorazine."

What? Shit, I, did she...

"Your parents don't see a problem with starting you on the medication now, and we feel that it is your best interest."

No. How could they? "No." nonono.

"Don't worry, the medication will make you feel calmer. Soon we'll be able to make some real progress."

"No. You're wrong, the medicine will pollute..." Will pollute me, will contaminate my mind, will destroy me.

"The medication will make things more clear, and our success rate with Thorazine is very high."

"No. Not for me, it won't help me..."

Not me, no. I can't, I won't, no.

"We'll see how it works and then decide from there. Sleep well tonight. We'll talk tomorrow."

Make it clear. 'Annihilating all that's made to a green thought in a green shade.' Sarah's eyes are green and gold, and they used to be clear but now they are blended and blurred and now I will be hazy and I won't be able to focus and make it clear. It will be like time and I won't make any sense and days will flow by without me



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## Alex Lucas

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knowing and it will all be messy. Like today and tonight and tomorrow and they all flow together, and become one. Now it's day, but soon it will be night, and they will be one.

\*\*\*\*\*

It is now night, and my arms are being strapped and tied and cuffed to my bed. And Carl the nurse has a needle and he's going to drug me so my mind is blank and I can't think. Think. Think of a way to stop this. Watch Carl move towards you. Wait and watch until he's close enough. Now. Kick at the meaty arm, don't miss, no don't miss. Miss.

"Look, Miss. Look at me. You're not going to win. Just hold still and it will be over in a second."

Second. Hour. Week. Eternity. E-tern-ity.

Tern—turning to see the point touching my vein and feel the needle slide in like...like....

"There. Done. Goodnight"

Lights out. Dark. And I feel the wet on my cheeks and know that I am crying for my self. And the darkness is sliding across, and my body is becoming light. Light is day is fading...

\*\*\*\*\*

It is day and I can't find Sarah. I need her, I need her help to make it clear. I need her and she is not here. Here. If she's not here she must be somewhere. Get up. Walk slowly across slick tile. Slide hand along whiteness of the wall. Room number nine. Sarah's room. The door is open and Sarah sits and stares.

Sarah, I need to talk. Sarah?"

Sarah doesn't look at me, or speak, or

move. Sarah just sits and stares and stares and stares.

"Stop it, stop it, Sarah stop it stop stop stop."

She won't stop, and I shake her shoulders and she just stares at nothing and won't stop. Stop.

"Stop. You can't see her for a while," Carl's voice says.

See her, see her—she's not here. I can't see her for a while. A while, hours, days, weeks.

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"It's been three weeks since we've started on your medication, and we don't see any real improvements..."

Im-prove-ment. Prove that. Improving. Self-improving. Improving the focus. The Thorazine focus. Focus on the colors. Focus on one color. Purple. Peaceful purple. Purple can fall from the ceiling in dots and splotches and never touch the ground. Ever. It just flows back up and falls again. And floats...

"...try something new..."

New. Something new. Sarah tried something new. New—no—stop. No more peace, I'm full of breaking links that are my self, and the ocean that is my mind is devouring my thoughts and annihilating my calm, and the ideal they want to plant will destroy my self—learning—discovery, and time is blurring and words are nonsense and life is being erased and I want to live and learn and death is not calm and I don't want to lose the light and dark and the colors and no, no, no! Stop.

"...shock therapy..."

Stop! The colors run. I think they are hiding.

*1st place, fiction, Albert J. Kuhn Award for Excellence in Writing, 1993*

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## Adrian Hatfield

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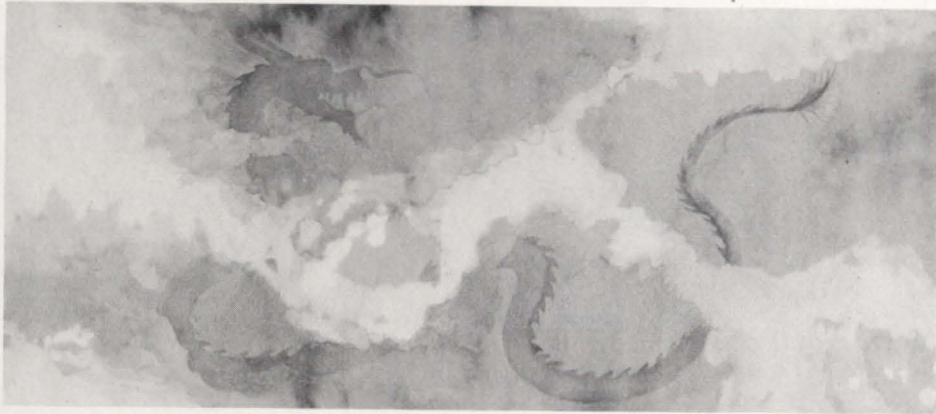
*"Detail of Seven Dragons" (1)  
watercolor 22" x 12"*



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## Adrian Hatfield

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*"Detail of Seven Dragons" (2)*  
watercolor 22"x12"

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## Ellen Stavash

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### *In the Footsteps of Demeter*

This year the winter never ended.  
July is chilly, and the dew cracks, crystalline,  
At dawn. They say it's latitude  
That keeps the sun slow and pale, and the stars  
Off kilter, but the chill runs deeper than reason,  
Like fear of the dark.  
Our bodies remember the myths;  
They know the winter doesn't always end.  
So we spin our chords in a circle,  
Weaving voices, the thread of a thought  
Given breath and kept warm between us  
As we clamber through pastures, braving nettles  
To explore these alien hills.  
We are our own ring, warding off the remnants  
Of this strange frost.



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## Jason Housh

### *Someplace Near the Zoo*

"And everybody  
got real happy"  
--LeRoi Jones

We, like totems  
O, dear  
Are waiting  
Driven to caricature  
Between busline excursions

I think of that little country jukebox place in Chicago  
Hard, real crazy oldtimers  
Sippin up afternoons slowly  
We said we were commin from Alaska  
And the one said he'd been in the service up there  
And it didn't matter a bit  
If none of it really happened  
The bar lady started yellin loud  
"What's the goddamn noise?"  
It was high pitched, tinny  
She was goin around  
Turnin all the neon beer signs off and on  
And all the oldtimers were gettin off their stools  
And lookin under their mugs  
And the lights were flashin  
Then the bar lady was yellin at this blue-haired one  
Because it was her hearin aid makin the noise  
"Turn that goddamn thing off"  
But she was just smilin  
Listenin to her own country music in her head  
And what a perfect place to be  
I thought  
What a funny thing  
That we're all grotesques  
Propped up by whatever we've got  
Until we no longer care about the city  
The nostalgic heartbreak dreams  
Or the maddening noise

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## Jason Housh

### *Exile*

Something strange is calling  
Knocking at the door  
Something I've never tried to understand  
She and I know about eating  
And even more about sleeping  
Sleeping like a hibernation  
From the winter  
That the populace is blowing around  
Back and forth  
But we feel none of the chill in here  
And late at night I slip quietly out  
To steal what few things we need  
Some food but mostly drink  
Out the window I slide down the tree  
And evade the Fathers that are lurking  
And in the grocery store there are Mothers in every aisle  
Trying not to look like Mothers  
But it's all the more obvious  
And I am much too fast for them  
I climb back in the window where she is smoking in a dream  
And we sit together  
Silent with the absence of aspirations  
We wonder about Canada  
While outside the Mothers and Fathers are banging and screaming  
"This is a mistake" they're saying almost with satisfaction  
But we're fine and with a turn of the knob  
Mozart gladly drowns them out  
And outside our only response comes in the form of smoke  
Drifting from our cigarettes  
Out the window  
And north toward Ontario  
Indecipherable signals



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## Beth Cerny

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*Sunflowers*  
oil on wood 24" x 30"  
1st place, Mosaic annual juried exhibition, 1993

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## Nicholas Carter

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### *My Father was a Farmer*

That's not right. *Hattie's* daddy was a farmer. My father is a famous doctor. He is in Africa helping all the sick people there.

Hattie is my best friend. We do everything together and we tell each other all our secrets. Our most favorite place to go is the little hill across the field behind our barn. There are green bushes on it that look like they should be in front of somebody's house. My dog Frisker goes with us. It's nice there because it always smells like Christmas.

It's not so easy crossing the field now because it's all grown up in weeds. It was a lot easier when it was a wheat field. Some of the weeds have stickers and some are almost as big as I am. I can always tell where Frisker is by the way she makes the tops of the weeds dance.

Sometimes we sit on the top of the little hill by the bushes and play like it's Christmas and we watch Frisker trying to chew the burrs out of her hair. That's when Hattie remembers things to me about her daddy. Nice things like how he used to rub his scratchy chin against her cheek and she would scream but she liked it. And how they used to walk in the wheat fields in the fall before the wheat started growing. The fields were just bare dirt then and he showed her how to hunt for the arrowheads that the Indians left. She and her daddy would walk real slow with their heads bowed down and look for a little bit of glassy stone sticking out of the dirt. Most of the time when she saw one and picked it up it was just a stone, but twice when she reached down she uncovered beautiful pink and gray arrowheads.

While they walked, her daddy would

tell her stories. He told her he had a little bit of Cherokee blood in him, so she did too. She wondered if it was in one of her fingers or maybe her toes. He told her all about the Indians that used to live there and hunt there and how other people came and killed them and chased them away when they hadn't done anything wrong. His voice would get smaller and smaller as he talked until she could almost not hear him. The stories and the way his voice sounded made her sad and sometimes the ground would get all blurry but she didn't cry. Not then. But Hattie cries real hard sometimes when we're sitting on the hill. I don't tell anyone. It's one of our secrets.

My mommy is a school teacher. She teaches at the same school where I go, but she teaches first grade and I'm in the third grade. Sometimes Mr. Wallace, he's the fifth grade teacher, he comes over to our house for dinner, but he doesn't want me to call him Mr. Wallace then. He says to call him Dan. But I always forget and call him Mr. Wallace and then he tells me again that I should call him Dan. I'm afraid I'll just call him Mr. Wallace again, so I don't call him anything.

Mommy likes him. I can tell. She smiles a lot when he comes over and laughs in a different way and she's a lot nicer to me then. But he kind of scares me. One time when he came over he got out of his car and Frisker jumped up on his pants and got them dirty. It made him real mad and he pushed Frisker down on the ground hard and grabbed her by the skin on her neck and kept saying "NO! NO! NO!" I yelled at him and told him "Leave her alone!" He told me it didn't really hurt a dog to do that and that was how you made



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## Nicholas Carter

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them stop doing bad things like jumping up, but I don't believe him. I think he's just mean. I keep thinking maybe if I do something bad, even if I didn't try to, like Frisker, he might shake me by the neck. Anyway, Frisker never jumps up on me.

Mr. Wallace calls me Berry but he says it like bear ray. He says it's another name for my name. My name is Tami. Mommy says he's just trying to get to know me better so be nice but I just think it's dumb.

Hattie doesn't like Mr. Wallace either.

When Mr. Wallace comes over we don't eat in the kitchen. We eat in the dining room with a tablecloth and real napkins and the plates with flowers on them. I don't like trying to remember to sit up straight and use my knife and fork and not to say Mr. Wallace. But I like eating in the dining room because I can look straight across the table to the window and Hattie comes and looks in at me. Mommy and Mr. Wallace are always too busy talking to see me and Hattie making the same faces at each other. Hattie is very pretty with high cheekbones and brown eyes like mine but sometimes when she looks in I can tell she is very sad.

She misses her daddy.

Hattie's daddy was tired a lot. He must have been because he even got tired of talking. He would get up every morning and eat breakfast and not say anything and

go out to the barn or the fields and come home and not say anything and when she asked him why he wasn't saying anything he looked at her mommy out in the kitchen and then out at the fields and then back at her and said, "Honey, I'm tired. Tired of talking. Everything's already been said." She didn't understand what he meant but the sound of his voice made her feel heavy and sad, like when he talked about the Indians.

One day when she got home from school her mommy was already there and she looked like she'd been crying. She held Hattie so tight that it hurt and she started crying again. Her daddy had gone into the barn and there was an accident and he had gone to sleep and he would never wake up. That's what her mommy told her.

But Hattie knows the real truth. Hattie's daddy went to sleep because he just got too tired. Maybe he got tired of being a farmer or maybe he got tired of her and her mommy. Maybe he just got tired of her.

When Hattie tells me these things my chest hurts and my head hurts and everything I look at gets so blurry but I don't cry because my father did not get tired and he is not dead. My father is a famous doctor and he is in Africa helping all the sick people there.

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## Robert Mayfield

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### *My City Lover*

Rain drenched skyline, the light of my cigarette on the mist-  
I thought it was love.

I imagined a rainbow arched across the river, above the traffic, the bustle,  
Hovering on air like an angel's lullaby, dancing,  
Daring us to break time and end the waltz and just listen.

You said no.

In the storm we watched a battle; you laughed at a thought so archaic  
Until lightning flashed right at us

And you understood.

It was just a drizzle when we went to the balcony;

You in my housecoat, I in old jeans.

The city took a deep breath, and there was a moment of silence

I dared to end and ask

"Will you marry me?"

You said no.

You looked at the sidewalk below and replied,

Like I had asked you to jump,

"You're so old fashioned. No one marries anymore."

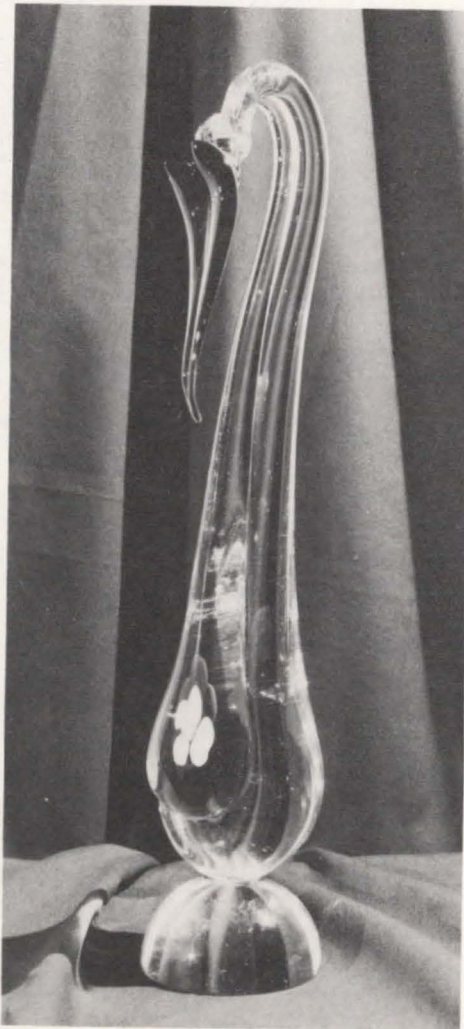
*Honorable Mention, fiction, Albert J. Kuhn Award for Excellence in Writing, 1993*



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## Ellen Grevey

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*Perfect in Nature*  
glass 17" x 5" x 4"

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## Aimee Nezhukumatathil

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### *Clandestine Ebbing*

In fields this girl ran from remedies  
threw teapots down those stairs hidden by a  
crown of flowers that she placed on her head  
you explain the nurses drip quiet  
in the snow tilt her head up over no stars tonight  
what more shall we confess  
flipping pages of my mind could become luxury  
true to his heart blue skies for you clover for me does nothing  
to obscure the capriciousness of which holds your hat  
believing through those tunnels  
till then relish in the thought that she never  
loved more.



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## Aimee Nezhukumatathil

*At the Supermarket*

I thought I saw you  
at the grocery store yesterday  
I was picking out tomatoes you were  
standing by the lettuce when candles  
convalesce  
can't pass that building "does this look ripe to you?"  
you looked like the sun  
"line two just opened up, ma'am"  
swirled my ankle  
in the water  
"Those were eighty-nine cents a pound" thinking of days that  
never were  
so I guess  
the checkout line was closed.

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## August Froehlich

*Radio colored afternoon*

Radio colored afternoon  
and the smoke curls up  
nicely

Sitting in the kitchen  
and cruising through  
my mind

I think of you  
and move on

Hot coffee washes  
my teeth and  
those days seem  
like two spoonfuls  
of sugar



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## Ellen Fuller

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*Evening*  
acrylic and oil on canvas 24" x 40"

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## Eric Thompson

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*South Campus 7-11*

the slurpee machine purrs away  
under the florescent lights  
that illuminate the aisles and bring a special glitter  
to the face  
of a homeless man  
trying to tell a girl in a slayer t-shirt  
about the cannibals that worked for his landlord.  
all the stickers and signs and price tags  
reach out with coruscating color  
to stag my eye and mold  
a pungent mosaic of everything  
I never wanted.



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## Eric Thompson

### *Sick and Tired*

The tired days bleed the empty nights  
over and not over bleed the need to  
burn once again more  
please  
it's all over not over  
once again and again the sick tired no good  
tired and sickness of no goodness  
sickness bleeds all over again.

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## Tad Pultorak

### *Keep Film Handy*

Mr. Sunshine, finding the bodies on the sand  
casts radiation upon their soaked swimsuits.  
The skin of beached whales  
beading with polluted water  
tans beneath cocoa butter stench.  
Hearing the bleat of the whistle  
carried on little kids' water wings,  
they raise their shaded eyes  
to see that one of their kind  
hasn't made it to shore.  
The unfortunate dips below the green foam  
and the herd pulls out their camaras,  
rejoicing about  
what great vacation shots this will make.



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## Derrick J. Lampkin

*Pueblo Indian Women in Hut*

with mud hands  
dressed in dust,  
they caress the vase,  
so warm.  
Winds wander in breathing  
warm and talking, no  
whispering  
to those waiting shadows  
haunting the vase's face,

stealing its curves

and those hands  
dressed in earth  
and clay tears  
carve cliffs and  
silent valleys with  
splinters of ladders  
and wood under the  
*caliente sol.*

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## Will Bodner



*Jar #2*

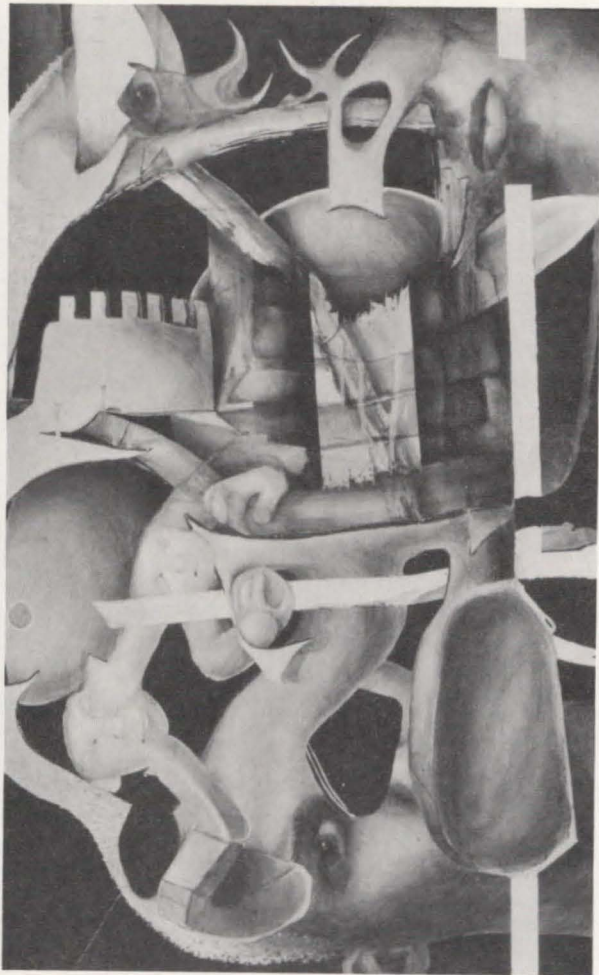
acrylic and oil 36" x 24"



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**Will Bodner**

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*Self Portrait*  
acrylic 36" x 24"

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**Jerry DeCicca**

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*A Carnival Night*

The pines  
with jagged coned heads  
align  
serrating the overcast  
Each battling for the clouds  
like a capitalistic arboretum  
And we  
sit locked at the top of the Ferris wheel



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## Jerry DeCicca

*Palazza da Mula*

the blue lighted tenements  
cast our shadows atop the  
rough river

And you argue flat-earth theory  
with a cartographer's perseverance  
and I listen,

trying to balance the canoe  
until the sun sinks back  
behind us.

Then I row home.

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## Heather Sturgess

*untitled*

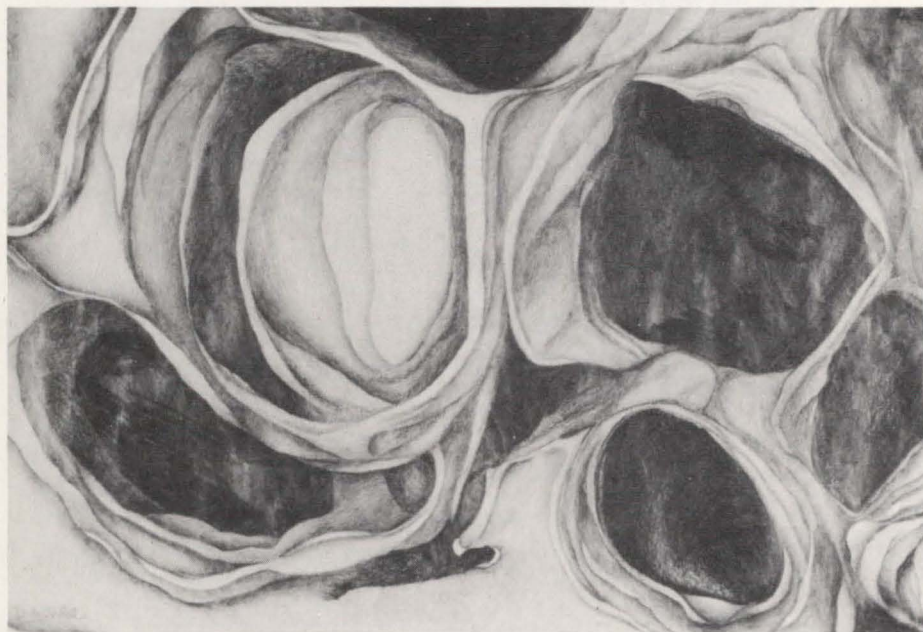
cool water rushed in its hurry  
past my feet, bare when we  
walked home that day. baptized  
by the wet, consolation came  
from soft fingers, puddles  
caressed my ankles (he's not  
leaving,  
(a year, no less, before). I felt  
that touch again, when sand  
was white and warm, drunk  
that day on sun and the pulse  
of steel drums. even then  
your touch surprised me (now,  
stay  
(in without, around) my soul  
release in me those elements by  
which, unconquerable, you.



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## Heidi Riffell

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*Untitled*  
pencil drawing 24" x 30"

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## Meta Brown

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*dare*

"Don't threaten me with love, baby.  
Let's just go walking in the rain."

--Billie Holliday

Oiled and broken in, Glenn Street once offered  
romance to any new blue eye  
with a flick of its superhero-red cape.  
Faded navy twill unrolled  
head on into the adjoining highway, descent  
braced by a feeble curb. Its lacking  
gutter protection  
promised any misty day  
a driveway marsh.  
Rubbled sidewalks pulled  
like canal horses  
along side, waved cracks  
to balance tight footed, between,  
were always pieced  
with Cubist chalk designs, unseamed  
by rising and falling slabs. Wise  
oaks and maples  
brooded forehead-to-forehead  
in protective horror.

Now we read labels, erase graffiti.  
We look more into mirrors than puddles.  
We know downhill races mean  
scraping spills, which only eventually  
rinse away in the wash.  
Since then we've been  
instructed in loss.  
We shelve our treasures.

This understood, tonight let's go walking  
in the rain. Let's stand on the cracks to give back  
the lessons and let our lines blur together like comic  
chalk charicatures melting  
into the folds.



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## Meta Brown

*home at 2*

My husband is rolled,  
like a lump of dough  
on the love seat.  
Hopelessly still, his unfilled  
boundaries burden with  
elephant skin.  
Hungry yeast rises  
to squeeze out his eyes.  
Bored of waiting, I grab  
keys, flounce out,

steal a front table  
in a mud-basement hangout  
feedback jostles regret  
for this choice until  
i am warmed to the noise  
my focus is caged by the front man  
young and jagged with the fresh-  
torn look of a wound  
before the blood  
it gushes to his face  
my eyes  
shirtless he's turgid  
he jerks and falls  
arrhythmic; punk rock?  
i drop with the band into  
a common vertigo  
the show burns  
dries my eyes  
boxes my ears beyond  
infirm injured well from  
the affair

Home at 2, deaf and sore,  
I climb into bed with my adventure.  
My husband's eyes open, dough-creature  
lost, and their cutting  
reflection startles me.  
His mouth gashes a smile  
as I hesitantly brush  
his crested chest, newly hazardous  
to my ticklish, abused eyes.

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## Shonda Craig



*A Quiet Place*  
pastel 17 1/2" x 23 1/2"



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## Rae Zimmerman

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#1 #2

All frequent beauty of simplicity and the familiar  
Please while the sun is slit through the morning's inertia  
bring my robe for the rosebox heart  
In a draft, we are warmed by emptiness, the petals becoming brittle  
and I cup my hands around it.



## AUTHOR AND ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

Will Bodner is a sophomore from Cleveland majoring in fine arts. He intends to pursue a career in painting and drawing upon graduation.

Meta Brown is a second year student with junior status. She is planning on majoring in Dance. Concerning her interests, she says, "I dance, and I dance, and I dance, and sometimes I write."

Nicholas Carter is an English major with junior status. His story "My Father was a Farmer" was inspired by a reading Professor Elizabeth Dewberry Vaughn gave last autumn. He explains, "It was hearing the voice of a ten or eleven year old girl done successfully."

"Beth Cerny was born and raised in Marion, Ohio. She left the small community for a small, bigger city - Columbus. Her future plans are to leave a small, bigger city for a big, bigger place."

Jeff Chamberlin is a senior majoring in journalism. He describes his writing as "intense," "adventurous," but "indecisive." After getting a masters degree in English, he would like to try to publish some fiction and become an important voice in midwestern literature.

Shonda Craig: "When the atmosphere in our home would become unbearably chaotic, my mother would sit in her favorite chair that she placed in the furthest and most peaceful end of the house; she called it her quiet place."

"Born in Columbus and reared in Appalachia, Benjy Davies paints onions to distract himself from his existential crisis."

Jerry DeCicca is a freshman English major. He also writes fiction and would like to write the first folk opera. On top of this he says, "Bruce Springsteen makes my rockin' world go 'round!"

Jonathon Fintel is a sophomore. Next year he plans to go to Florida and learn how to record and engineer records. He describes his writing as simultaneously "romantic" and "realistic" and says his poem, "On the Tracks," is "just a recollection of my childhood."

August Froehlich is studying wildlife management in the Continuing Education program. He is planning on working for the State Parks Service. He says, "life is a search for balance," and writing is what he does to find it.

Ellen Fuller: "I paint landscapes that show how we live our lives today. I compare natural elements with those that are man-made; and in doing so, I illustrate how we've altered the environment to suit our needs."

Ellen Grevey: "Hot glass, so fluid and soft, is a perfect substance with which to express my feelings about nature and sensuality. Working with hot glass is like touching light."

Adrian Hatfield: "I wish to say what I think and feel today, with the proviso that tomorrow I shall contradict it all." -- Ralph Waldo Emerson

Jason Housh is a senior majoring in philosophy. Like most of his writing, he says "Someplace near the Zoo" is based on an experience from his own life.

## AUTHOR AND ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

Shannon Jackson recently graduated with an English major and plans to eventually move to New York and get work in publishing. According to Shannon, "Falling" was written after a long hiatus from writing and is about "things you lose over time."

Derrick J. Lampkin is a junior majoring in geology. He describes his poetry as "abstract," "spiritual," and "emotional." He says he hopes each of his readers, regardless of what they may bring to the work, are able to get "what they need out of it."

Alex Lucas is a senior majoring in English. She describes herself as "extremely introverted." Her long term goals include getting an M.F.A. and a Ph.D.. Eventually, she would like to teach creative writing at a university.

Robert Mayfield is a senior studying mechanical engineering. He is interested in going into technical writing and design engineering. He says his poem "My City Lover" is intended to be "somewhat representative of today's culture."

Joseph Mismas is a sophomore majoring in computer sciences and minoring in English. Quoting Charles Bukowski he says, "It's so easy to be a poet/ and so hard to be a man."

Aimee Nezhukumatathil is an art major and pre-med. She says that she idolizes Elvis, but her friends think she is too serious. In her poetry, she tries "to write about real relationships in surreal settings."

Tad Pultorak is a junior studying molecular genetics. He says he doesn't plan out what he writes about in advance, and at first his poem "Keep Film Handy" was merely

humorous. "Its cynicism came late with several revisions."

A freshman from Troy, Heidi Riffell is studying visual communication design. She plans to pursue a career in freelance design.

Craig Screven: "Jazzy: 'Sweet Succession of Life' is the music that influences my work." (Jazzy: "Sweet Succession of Life"/Screven Collection/1992)

Ellen Stavash is a senior English major. She hopes to go on to graduate school and to continue writing. She also hopes to "travel extensively." In fact, her poem "In the Footsteps of Demeter," like most of her writing, was inspired by a voyage to England.

Heather Sturgess is a senior majoring in English. She used to be in a poetry group in Newark and worships e.e. cummings. Her untitled poem was written as an anniversary gift for her boyfriend.

Eric Thompson is a freshman planning on double majoring in English and philosophy. He describes his poetry and fiction as "punk-bastard" and hopes to write professionally.

"Theresa Tyler was born in Georgia and raised in Maryland. She had an entirely normal childhood and suffers only from the flaws of her family's DNA. She recently graduated with a BFA in painting and drawing."

Rae Zimmerman is a freshman. Her untitled poem is part of a long series of related poems.



## FRIENDS OF MOSAIC

Friends of *Mosaic* is a program for students, faculty, and friends to express support for the magazine. By giving donations, individuals and organizations have helped make possible things such as this year's edition of *Voices of Mosaic*, the *Mosaic*'s large circulation and events such as the Art show and poetry readings that are held throughout the year. The editorial staff would like to express sincere thanks to our Friends of *Mosaic*.

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The editorial staff of *Mosaic* encourages submissions from all undergraduates at The Ohio State University.

Literature submissions, including poetry and short fiction, must be typed and should not contain any personal information (name, address, etc.) on the pieces themselves. Literature submissions will not be returned. Original works of art are accepted, as well as slide or photographic reproductions of works that are not transportable or are of high value. All original artwork will be returned.

All submissions must include a title sheet listing the titles of piece(s), name, address, telephone number. Limit five submissions in art or literature.

Send submissions to:

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Deadline for submissions traditionally falls in mid-February, but is subject to change at the discretion of the editorial board.



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Dear Sir,  
I am pleased to inform you that your application for the position of [Job Title] has been successful. We have decided to offer you the position, and we are confident that you will be a valuable addition to our team. The details of the offer are as follows:

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